

HUDIBRAS

ANSWERED

By True de Cafe

In his own *POEM* and *LANGUAGE*.

What Rayling Ass is *Hudibras*?
Some fury come from Hell,
The name it self betrays the Elf,
Some charming conjuring spell.

The language of the Dragon Red,
Such fire he spits abroad,
As if his Crop wist *Dives* drop,
to cool his hot abroad.

Let's recton up the strength o'th Cup,
that gives this Fiend such speech,
And see if he deserve to be
in *Pauls* to lay his breech.

He's not prophetick, but a shitten critick,
not honest, true or wise,
See how he brawles to shite in *Pauls*,
and pull out reverend eyes.

Sure he can tell, that came from Hell,
how Organs fright the Divil,
That Reverend Father, hence may gather,
that he is full of evil,

He ill doth guesse, a Gospel dresse
to mask Rebellion in,
Sure coals of wrath, not publick faith,
will punish heliish sinne.

Hell hath no melting, but Fiends yelping,
when *Hudibras* was there;
It's his desire to raise new fire,
Crocodiles and Bodkins here.

His Drollery A&T, shews that his fact
deserveth both the Gout
And Halter eke, that Bishop meek,
was ne're of that same Rout.

Poor *Wild* is civil, but *Hudibras* Divil
is more then maudlin drunk;
His holy cheat doth plead the feat
of *Babylons* base punk.

Our Judges Great, i'th law compleat,
sure ne're durst wrest the A&T;
And though he's vext, with a down right text,
Jack Pudding's here compact.

He ill doth choose, for to abuse
both Miter and the Crown,
And make the law but like a straw,
if *Hudibras* pull it down.

For *Hudibras* Club and *Belzebub*,
in malice both agree;

Since he's ingrate, then let his fate,
mount up on *Hudibras* Tree.

'Twill not be strange if then he change,
Rogero's Ink and Tune;
If he relent, and there repent,
hee'l flie above the Moon.

The furious Elf's against himself,
and all his black bravadoes;
His satyrd dregs are worse then Megs,
then Squibs, Jeers, or Granadoes.

The tail o'th beast, not *Smec* the least,
some three years chang'd and borne;
Both Father and Mother, both Sister & bro-
of *Hudibras* were the horn. (ther

Our Temples mixt, with calves are fixt,
and Schismaticks made by the Ass;
His legacy I wish it may be,
Repent O *Hudibras*.

Judges awake, Lord prelates make,
this sonne of *Edom* cry,
Hee's half a Jew, a Calf and *Hu-*
Debrasse so let him die.

No Tyburne Hedge, nor Newgate Sledge,
I wish may be his Date;
Our Common-prayer that is so Rare,
may give him a better Fate.

Onely a Letany, that runs so pleasantly,
I'll read to *Hudibras* Trim;
From a Coach and a Cart, and Death that
Good Lord deliver him. (limbs part,

Let no man grumble, that thus I jumble,
in *Hudibras* language brave;
For to retort sometimes is good sport,
and so to play with a knave.

God blest our gracious King and Queen,
Bishops and Judges too;
Our glorious peace let never cease,
by *Hudibras* black Crew.

Our Parliament that shall be sent,
by *Charles* his Majesty:
Let settle Law to keep in awe,
Hudibras Fraternity.

And so I end as *Hudibras* Friend,
wishing both Church and State
A blessed peace in happiness,
and Enemies out of Date.

FINIS.